

## D-Game (Remix)

Silkk The Shocker

What's up playa? You looking slick with that  
Hundred G chain with the bracelet to match  
Check this out here whodi lay on the ground  
For I show your clown ass how the hot boys sound  
They going click click blow, blow click click blow,  
Click click blow, blow click click blow  
Click click blow, blow click click blow  
Click click blow, blow that's my style

Popping wit terror take it straight to guns  
Or we could keep it corporate give up your block and run  
Too much paper here to try and count my ones  
Over here cross me our hollow wall is young  
For our haters on the streets tryin to measure my blow  
If you've seen the new whip know they add nine 0's  
Now I'm up to 2 bricks, a seventy two 0's  
If you counting by the whips than it's eight different flows  
I'm heavy luva, with the diamonds and broads  
Too heavy luva, with the cocaine and cars  
And what I hop in, it's my option  
To shift the mash quit tryin to get in the dash

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Now if it's on with the bricks and the bag BABY  
You come short, I'm a bust your head BABY  
They name a dope man whodi  
Yeah that's me, I'm out that 5-0-4 plus that C-P-3  
Give me an ounce and I'ma flip it to a brick figga  
You got my scratch, if you snitching you a trick figga  
Hit the pen, you probably gonna be a misfigga  
So here's a glock for your chest I mean your tits trigga

Imagine, all the bricks in the projects smeared with cocaine  
I be the richest young soldier in this rap game  
All my money come in armor trucks  
More cars, more houses, more freaks to pluck  
You wasn't work, when I was local playa  
I'm worldwide, you haters can't take it you petrified  
Then let me lose after I reveal thuggin with p  
It's no limit till I die y'all can't get with me

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I don't like violence but ha that's no shy logic  
Don't like material stuff either, but sho got a lot of it  
Just to make money off tha street na, I make it off the beat  
Walk my rott off the leash right off the beach  
Talking shit I'ma big spinner so I don't really talk to much  
Got guns, really big ones, think rap softens us up  
See I love my fans but I don't love them haters  
I don't really like the fame much dog  
But I show love to paper uh-huh  
I want something bigger cause I love the dough  
Niggas talk shit, Shaq's out  
Leave them looking like Mugsy Bogues  
Zoom Zoom, 1100's I still ride it slow  
Not the type that's gonna floss  
But I ain't gonna hide it though  
Learn the game from my big brother  
C-E-O now, Made Man, Shocker well..C-E-O sounds  
We the type dog, go to sleep, wake up and ball  
You know what's up what us  
Now what's up with y'all, uh-ha

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